

HENRY DARGER -

"THE VIVIAN

GIRLS

IN CHICAGO"

*Microsystems, Inc.*

VOLUME

NINE

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## PROGRAM RECORD

DATE										
NAME		CLASS				ROOM				
	MONDAY		TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY		FRIDAY	
	SUBJECT	RM	SUBJECT	RM	SUBJECT	RM	SUBJECT	RM	SUBJECT	RM
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to her. When good people died they went to Heaven. The two little girls were good they no doubt went straight to Heaven, if not to Purgatory first but she, Phobia was not good.

She had been told not to go into strange places without her parents permission, and of knowing where she was she was a coward afraid of thunderstorms and she had done a great many other bad things besides.

Her governess said God didnt approve of people who objected going to Mass on hot Sundays and she had

objected a good marry  
turner. If God was  
angry at her did not  
love her and she died  
what would become of  
her in eternity.

Would her sin be  
just enough to allow a  
long term in Purgatory  
or would they be big enough  
to cause her eternal pun-  
ishment?

In these dreadful mom-  
ents in these solitary  
woods little Phoebe was  
thinking perhaps the very  
first serious thoughts of  
her life.

She began to cry  
again until her head  
ached. If she could only  
feel sure that God would  
continue to take care of

her and forgive her she  
thought she would not be  
quite so frightened, but  
she had been so very  
very wicked she was  
afraid He might not be  
taking any interest in  
her.

Suddenly there came  
a new thought which br-  
ought with it a faint  
ray of hope and com-  
fort.

God always forgave  
people if they went  
to Confession and let  
Him know how sorry  
they were and that  
they wanted to be  
better.

It might be getting  
near her bedtime  
any way and she really

say her prayers though  
it would seem very strange  
to say them out there  
in the dreaded woods in-  
stead her own little bed.

She could not kneel  
down because her knee  
hurt so much but she  
made the sign of the  
cross, "In the name of  
the Father, Son and Holy  
Ghost, folded her hands  
and raised her eyes  
to the darkening skies  
in which the first stars  
were beginning to show  
themselves.

"O dear Jesus the  
Son of God" she said  
softly. please take  
care of me and let me  
get safely home again  
to papa and mamma

and my governess. I've  
been very, very naughty,  
I know, and perhaps I don't  
deserve it, but if I only  
get home again I will try  
to be a better girl indeed  
I will.

And oh dear Blessed  
Mother of God please  
don't let any more little  
girls and boys to die at  
the 'Crazy House' they  
are all so good and  
sweet and let the little  
Viriamos I hear so much  
about. My Governess  
says I'm heartless  
but I don't really think  
I am.

I do want to be very  
good, and I don't want  
any one to die there, Oh  
dear God please let

someone come and find me before it gets any darker."

"Hark what was that?"

Surely it was the sound of approaching wheels. Little Polka sprang to her feet. Her heart beating so fast she could scarcely breathe.

Was someone coming after all? Perhaps it was gypsies. She had read about in books that gypsies traveled about the country in wagons and had also heard somewhere that they occasionally stole little children.

But even to be stolen by gypsies would be better than to be caught and killed by dreadful phenomena.

she decided. Nearer and nearer came the wheels and now she could hear the sound of men's horses.

Then she saw a strange light as of the flash of a lantern, the wagon or what ever it was coming very near indeed.

In another moment Gladys some distant away but within very easy hearing distance was considerably startled by the sound of a child's voice calling imploringly from somewhere in the darkness.

"Oh whoever is the wagon will you please stop. I'm a little and I'm lost. Oh please do

take me home I'm so dreadfully, dreadfully frightened."

Gladys gave an exclamation of astonishment and she raced hastily to the spot.

Phobu my little friend," cried Gladys. "Where in the world did you come from? What made you come in here.

No there's no wagon coming. That's an unseen noise phenomenon. What in the world does this mean?

One glance and then with a shriek of uncontrollable delight little Phobu flung herself into the arms

of the astonished Gladys and was clinging around her neck in an almost strangling embrace.

"Oh Gladys Gladys," she wailed. "I've been so awfully awfully bad. I was angry with my governess because she said I was heartless and cowardly and to scare her I went away without permission or telling her where I was going and I got lost. I believe in Mr. Resemann's 'Crazy woods' and couldn't find my way home again. I was afraid some awful phenomena would occur and kill me like it did Paulina and the Orphan

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but I asked God please to  
take care of me and to send  
some one and I guess he  
heard me, for you came  
right away after that. Oh  
Glady's please take me  
home, I'm so very very  
sorry.

Chapter 73

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Father Carney settles  
the difficulty.

The secret of the  
Octopus.

"Oh Grandpa isn't the  
life of St Anthony the  
very loveliest story you  
ever read?"

Joy closed her big  
book and turned her  
radiant face towards her  
companion.

"It's a beautiful story  
Mr Dimsdale agreed  
but I'm afraid you must  
be tired. You've been  
reading to me for a  
good part of the after-  
noon, you know."

"I'm not a bit tired"  
said Joy leaning back  
in the big easy chair  
with a little sigh of  
content. "I never get  
tired reading I'm so  
glad you like being



read to. You really do like it don't you grandpa? Better than most things in the world? fancy but you must not let me be a selfish old fellow and keep you to myself all the time!

"You selfish" laughed Joy. "The very idea of such a thing as if you were not the very kindest grandpa in the world"

"There there" that will do" interrupted the old gentleman looking immensely pleased nevertheless "you must not flatter the old gentleman so much or you'll be flattering or turning his head. Where

are your little friends the Virvians these days? I haven't seen them for thirteen days"

"They're fighting the Bamshees in Mr Reseman's house. I have been there for fourteen days now. Father Carney came to tell or talk to Hannah about them this morning. I guess he's going over to see Mr Reseman this afternoon."

"Seems to me the Bamshees hold their ground pretty stubbornly and drive those fairy princesses out of the place pretty frequently. Does it not strike you in that light?"

"Oh they'll get plenty of  
 keep from the Octopus.  
 I'd be so kind to Pennod and  
 his sisters, and they like  
 him so much, the tak-  
 ing ever so much trouble  
 about Mr. Seremans  
 house, the demons will  
 soon be driven out you  
 know, and I suppose he  
 likes to talk about it."

The greatest danger  
 is those strange fire  
 balls that form and  
 swarm through the grounds  
 during the afternoon.

They're terrible hot  
 blazing globes that  
 take various sizes  
 and which the little  
 Virians say disin-  
 tegrate a person  
 securing nothing

but his shadow. I had  
 seen it happen to a little  
 kitten with my very  
 eyes."

Mr. Hinddale looked  
 a little concerned, but  
 he said nothing and  
 there was a short  
 silence, while Joy  
 stroked the big book  
 in her lap with lov-  
 ing fingers.

"What are you think-  
 ing of Joy?" Mr. Hinddale  
 asked, breaking the  
 pause in his old abrupt  
 way.

Joy smiled.

I was only thinking  
 how much like Heaven  
 this beautiful world  
 would be if every  
 one was like Pennod.

and his sisters," she said. A shadow crossed her grandfather's face and he laid his hand tenderly on the little golden head.

"Do you often wish you could be like them Goy?"

"Yes indeed" said Goy with cheerful alacrity "I hardly ever think I can be though, I always wished it and spoke of it to them sometimes because I thought that if I could be like them I might be able to do the things they do also."

"And why couldn't you do as much as they do now?"

"Oh - because I know Perrod and his sisters

are possessed by angels and can and have to do anything and are willing to do anything the angels want and because anyway I'm so happy with them and in their company that I couldn't be any happier anywhere else, no matter what happened."

"You are easily satisfied little girl" Mr. Hinsdale said suppressing a sigh. "I wish there were more people in the world with their holiness and disposition myself, it would be a happier and better place. I'm thinking. But I'm very much afraid

they could never drive the devils out. The priests meet with every obstacle too."

Joy took her grandfather's hand and laid her cheek against it.

"I don't think you quite ought to say that Grandpa" she said slowly. "But I don't see how they are brave enough to do it, or the priests and the man called the 'Octopus' with them. The place hasn't got a good disposition at all. I'm afraid it has been pretty horrid and mighty dangerous always."

Mr Hindale laughed.

Pretty horrid and

dangerous is it. Upon what special occasions if I may ask?"

"It was what I heard when we lived at Mrs Scotts" said Joy gravely, and Aggie used to come home so tired especially on rainy nights. I could always tell by her voice when she was tired though she used to pretend she wasn't. I hear when at supper I often heard lots of talk in hushed tones about Mr Sere man's crazy house, the two little girls and the hobos that got killed, and how Mrs Scott and all kinds of people used to tell me of all

the crazy phenomena  
and how four times the  
members of the fire de-  
partments were called  
out, day and nights too to  
fight the dangerously strange  
and crazy fire phenomenon  
that did not burn the build-  
ing, but gave terrific heat,  
just the same.

And it doesn't seem  
fair to Bernad and his  
sisters that they have to  
work so hard and win  
nothing.

Yes I'm afraid is far  
worse than any of the  
news papers say, and  
because of it I did  
have some very hor-  
rid thoughts some-  
times."

"And how about your-

self?" her grandfather  
inquired with a smile.  
"Did you ever think it  
unfair that you did not  
have the chance to be  
born a little unran too?"

"Oh I was all right"  
said Joy innocently "I  
always had everything  
I needed, and I never  
had bad times and I  
go to Holy Communion  
every day."

Mr Lindales said  
nothing, but he put  
his arm around around  
the little figure and  
drew her very close.

There was a moment  
happy silence and  
then Joy lifted her  
head from her grand-  
father's shoulder with

a little start.

"Here's the doorbell" she exclaimed, "I guess it's Gladys, she said she was coming over this afternoon."

All right run along and meet her but give me a kiss first and leave your book down here. Perhaps bye and bye you may feel like reading me another chapter."

"Yes indeed I shall feel like it" said Joy looking much pleased at the suggestion. "And Aggie and I have learned a new duet to play you for you this evening before I go to bed."

And bestowing upon the old gentleman a very hearty embrace the little girl tripped away humming one of the famous Catholic ballads probably the jewel of the Madonna her grandfather loved, as she went.

In the front hall she encountered Gladys and Sarah.

"I'm so glad you come said Joy kissing her friend affectionately. "I want to show you the new letter game Grandpa got for me. The letters for some reason or other are all raised and it's such fun playing it. Won't you come up stairs too Sarah?"

"No thank you not this afternoon, though God knows I'd just love to," said Sarah, most sincerely. "I have some work to do concerning the Reseman house as I'm keeping the little Virians too, but I shall be back for Mrs Gladys at half past six. Now Miss Gladys mind you don't get discouraged in what ever you may hear from Resemans. Time will tell."

Sarah's tone was encouraging and Gladys looked more hopeful than usual while peace loving Joy hastened to make everyone comfortable.

"We'll both faithfully

promise not to pay any attention to any news except brought by the little Virians or Father Carney. "Wont we Gladys" she said slipping an arm around her friends waist "so don't worry one bit about any news we might hear elsewhere Sarah dear. Hannah's upstairs and my sister will be at home in a little while."

Sarah made no more remarks but took her leave at once and the two little girls went up the steps to Joy's room.

The early May-sunshine was pouring in at the windows

lighting up every object from the Canary in his cage to the row of big books on the shelves which ran all around one side of the big room.

There was no lack of new books for Joy in these happy days.

Even the carpet and wall paper had been changed a few weeks before and a brighter, prettier room it would be difficult to find. Joyce used to declare that she felt just like a princess living in such magnificent quarters.

"Don't Desmond's house horrid" said Gladys tossing her head

on the bed in a manner that the prim Sarah would scarcely have approved of. The little Virians cannot make any headway, the devils are always increasing their crazy and disagreeable phenomena, and reminding people of things that should not be printed in newspapers.

Even papa notices it and he told Sarah the other day that he believed if the little Virians didn't drive the Banshees out by the end of the month of May they would never be driven out at all.



hate demons, I hate them."

"The 'Crazy House' isn't pleasant" Joy admitted "but I suppose Mr. Resemann can't help it, its just that he wasn't told of it by his first tenants."

"Well I wish they had told him", (they had) said Gladys crossly for its a very disagreeable situation and when the banshees keep holding out, it always makes me discouraged and I don't want to be discouraged. And say little foolish Phobie was in the grounds and when I brought her home and her

parents learning where she had been were hysterical though they rewarded me for saving her. I didn't want any reward, but they wouldn't take no for an answer. I don't want no one to go in there but they do the crazy fools."

There was a pathetic little quiver in Gladys' voice and Joice hastened to say sympathetically "Perhaps if you would offer a novena to the Sacred Heart He might give your little friends victory and that would be glorious. Why don't you try it anyway?"

"I do, I offer a continual novena but it seems of

no use as every body Cath-  
olics and Protestants "like  
also does it and no results."  
said Gladys mournfully?  
guess the ground was posses-  
ed long before the house  
was built. Sarah says.

The Grahams ought to be  
able to do something,  
and also Miss Anger.  
Joy laughed and flush-  
ed a little too?

"I dont know anything  
about the Grahams being  
able to do it" she said.  
Aggies good at devil chas-  
ing they say - but I'm  
not. But Gladys I do  
think Sarah can find  
a way to show you  
how to help them.

Hannah says your  
cook told her Sarah

was dreadful surprised  
about you the day you  
went into the grounds  
of - Resemans and res-  
cued the foolish little  
girl."

It was Gladys turn  
to blush now. She did  
not like to have the  
events of that night  
mentioned by any one  
not even Joy.

Still she was an hon-  
est truthful little girl  
and it was not fair to be  
unjust to Sarah.

"She does surely be-  
lieve I am a heroine  
when I brought little

Pholie home that au-  
ful night. She said  
so herself and when  
I told how I found her

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there, and asked her if I did right, she kissed me and said it was all right. But I don't think she need mention to everybody else every single day since I'm no heroine never was. She keeps talking about it to people the whole time, so they call me the little heroine and it does make me very uncomfortable.

Oh, Joy if I could only see the little Viridians drive those Banshees out of Mr. Rosemann I know I shall be glad.

And oh if I had a sister like Miss Anger things would be

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better."

Joy's face brightened. It was always a great pleasure to hear her adored Aggie praised.

"But I don't think things can be done because the little Viridians ain't got all the parts to their Paloo instrument" Gladys went on in a rather aggrieved tone "and they have to go back some time to that horrid war over there. Oh dear how I do hate it all. I don't see why some people have all the nice things and other people have the horrid ones."

"They've got lots of nice things" said Joy soothingly "Just think of all they

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can do and I guess its their duty to go back home when the time comes. I'm to have a governess too you know, Grandpa has written to the superintendent of a private school about one and the Virriams are possessed by angels.

"I don't believe angels are everything" said Gladys ignoring the latter part of her friend's speech. "The Virriams have got so many nice things than the angels have. There's many good priests and Bishops helping them. There's the man called the Octopus he's powerful too, and I really do

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think because they are the loveliest little girls in the world, the demons are jealous, and that makes them stubborn, and there's Father Carney Carney, he's quite a good devil fighter too though they don't seem to be afraid of him, and there's Jack Evans, he never gives in either and he chases the wicked banshees away whenever he wants to."

"Oh no he doesn't" said Joy laughing. "The little Virriams say the Banshees make a fool of him every day just when he thinks he's winning and the little girls are always

so dreadfully afraid  
of the Banshees doing  
awful things to him.  
Aggie says they worry  
a great deal more about  
him than theres any  
necessity for but we  
wouldnt tell them so  
for we love them very  
much.

They are the best  
little girls in the world.

"I wish I could have  
been born one of them".  
said Gladys with a sigh.  
"I know they are much  
nicer than any little  
girls in the world.  
I wouldnt mind about  
fighting banshees all  
the time, but when  
the Banshees keep  
on repulsing you all

the time, it is so horrid  
and it makes me feel  
so mean about it."

"Were going to see what  
we can do for the little  
holy girls you know"  
I put in gay cheer-  
fully Grandpa went  
yesterday to visit some  
special priests he knows  
well. He wants Aggie  
to help him. Oh Gladys  
wont it be beautiful  
if the little Princesses  
succeed.

They are so pretty  
and so sweet I know  
every body loves them.

"Theyre the prettiest  
and bravest little  
people ever seen  
by any body and  
I heard every body

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who found their picture in newspapers and magazines - telling of their war against the awful fiends; - kept them. "Gladys agreed" "I have a large photograph of them, and I just like to sit and look at them and so does papa."

Guy St. Claire looked much pleased.

"I'm so glad your papa sees they're pretty" she said "because they too like him so much" much and I heard a lady who came to see Aggie the other day say she thought Mr. Worth had such very good taste about everything."

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"Well he does admire Pennod's sisters very, very much" said Gladys. You know I coaxed them to give me one of their photographs of them, and I put it in a frame and hung it on the wall above my bureau so I could see it all the time.

I've seen papa looking at it every time he came into the nursery and this morning he stood in front of my bureau ever so long and when I spoke to him he didn't seem to hear. I had to pull his coat to make him look around and when I asked

him what was still happening at Resemans house, he said it was a very discouraging situation. I think it was very disheartening for I didn't believe it would come to that."

"What shall we play" Joy inquired rather hurriedly. She had noticed the fretful sound in Gladys' voice and was anxious to change the subject as soon as possible.

"I don't care" said Gladys indifferently.

Joy proposed the checker game and Gladys consented and even let Joy teach her how to play.

"I guess we can talk as we play" said Gladys and besides I want to talk to you about something. Do you think we might shut the door. It's very private and important I think it'll give us a plan."

Joy felt very much surprised and not a little curious as well and therefore hastened to close the door, and then came and sat by Gladys who was looking both expectant and excited.

It was something Sizzie said" began Gladys excitedly. It was this morning

and I've been thinking about it all the time ever since."

"Tell me all about it" said Joy in a tone of deep interest.

"Well it was just after breakfast and I went into the pantry for a drink of water. Sarah and Sizzie were both there and Sarah asked me if I heard anything new about Mr. Desemours' 'Crazy' house. I told her what I heard was very discouraging and that papa said the Banishes were winning.

She said she didn't care to hear about any new fangled notions, and that

Mrs. Graham with her children Daisy and Violet could drive the powers of darkness out of that place in a hurry. Then as I was drinking the water I told her that the demons were nasty old things and God alone could only drive them out.

She then didn't say anything she never does you know but just walked out of the pantry. I stayed and asked Sizzie her opinion but she just shrugged her shoulders and said:

"Just you wait until those little Virians get a small Blengiglomenean



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creature over here Miss and see if it will put up with the tantrums of the Barnhees. I guess they won't have to wait long either from the looks of things." I was too surprised and excited to stay there any longer, but when I asked Sarah (what Sizzie meant she only said no one could get a Blengigloom-crean Creature over here, and that Sizzie ought to have sense to talk about things she didn't understand."

Gladys paused to note the effect of her story. Oh Joy was looking very grave she took her little friends

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hand and squeezed it sympathetically.

"Do you know anything about Blengigloom-crean Creatures?" Gladys inquired after a pause.

Joy shook her head. "I've heard about them," she said "But I never really seen any."

"From Pennod's sisters I've heard they're wonderful creatures," said Gladys with a thrill in her voice. "Oh Joy I'd like to see one I do I do and -"

The door opened suddenly and a little girl, it was phobia rushed in. Horror, terror and panic were on her little face and as she

ran towards Gladys and Joy she burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh Gladys oh Joy I don't want to pass that gate of that awful Sese-mam place. Oh I don't I don't. I've seen something awful."

Tender hearted Joy and Gladys were terribly distressed they had an arm around their friend in a moment and were kissing and soothing her as best as they could.

"Don't cry so Phobia dear" Joy pleaded "the tears of sympathy streaming down her own cheeks. Why do you be so foolish

as to pass Mr Sese-mam's haunted property?"

"I can't help it. it is my only way home to and from school there's no other way" wailed Phobia "Oh I saw the most awful thing in the grounds by a big Elm-tree as I reached the gate."

"But did you go in?"  
"No indeed."

"Why then you don't even know it what was I don't believe it could have done any thing to you at that distance."

"Oh yes it could if I had stayed."

"But the little vir-ians are so good and so fond of you I don't

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believe they'd let anything from Sesernans do anything to you"

"They cant help it or they cant help it" wailed Phobia "They never can. Your cook Lizzie told me all about Mr Sesernans house. Its dreadful. She had three children of her own who were killed in that place four years ago. She said the house and its grounds are very beautiful especially in the summertime - but its appearance dont say its safe for 2 little girls were strangled there and seven holos killed,